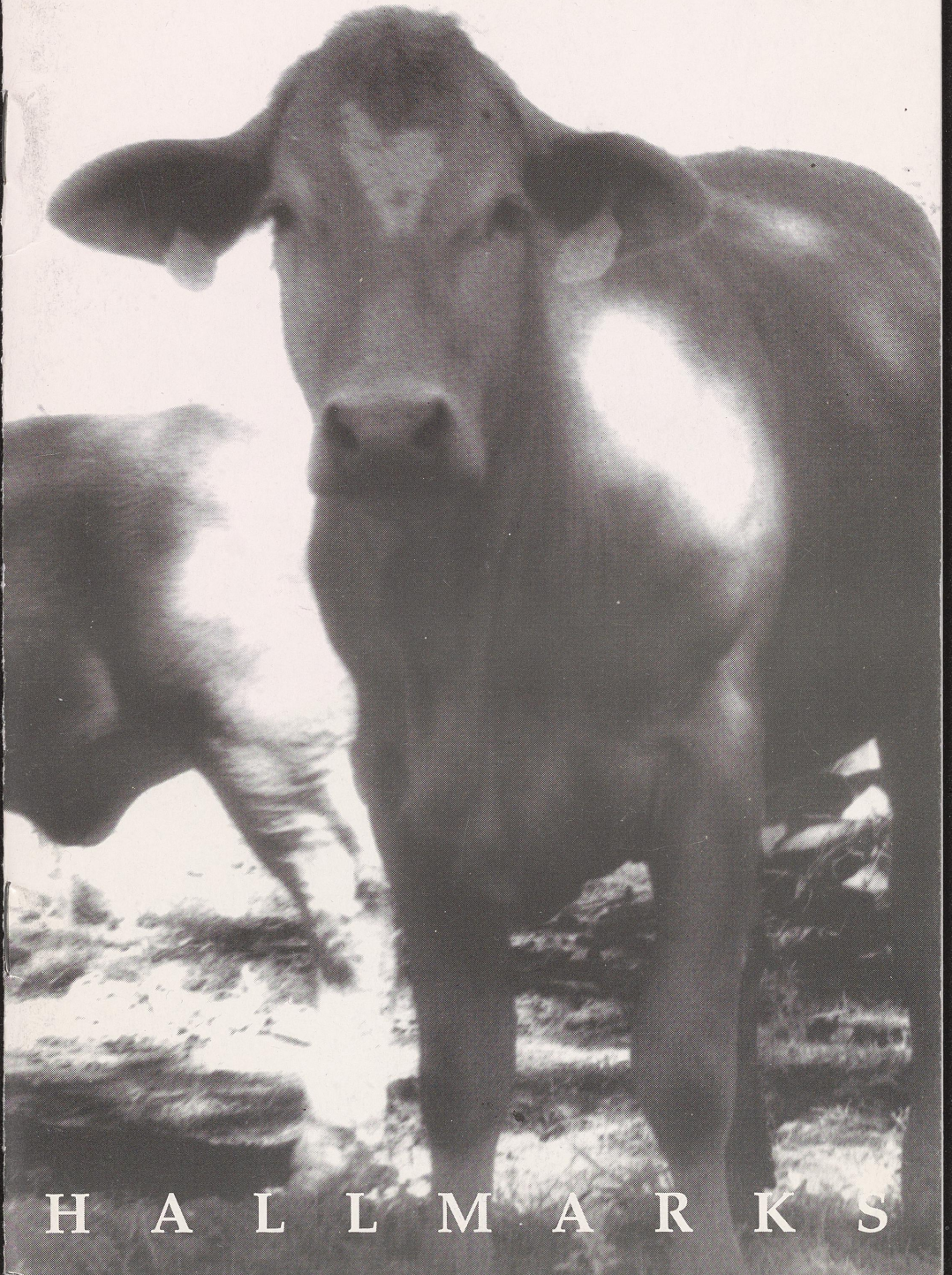
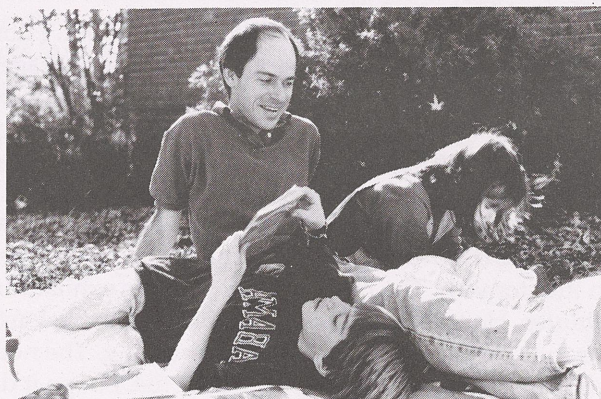


1993.7



H A L L M A R K S

Dedication:



The Hallmarks staff
is pleased to dedicate this issue to
Mr. Peter Goodwin.



Cover photography: Katie Moran (12)

"Hello sweetheart" he says, and then asks why I was up at two A.M.

I say for a midnight snack but with his Harvard degree he should know better.

I made the coffee only ten minutes ago - I had his cup ready.

Yes, coffee with taxanide and two lumps of sugar. He sits at the table and drinks from our Tiffany china. He likes the coffee. "Is it new?"

"No, the usual," I tell him.

"Oh," he smiles. I can keep secrets too, you know.

The perfume is Chanel, not the usual imitation. She's a new girl and I can tell by his smile she's good.

He pours and drinks two more cups. He asks why I've stopped.

"No reason," I say. Playing God is fun.

He finishes the pot with one last cup. I get up to wash it out. I don't want there to be any stains - its our best china. He asks why there is a package of taxanide out by the sink. I tell him I put it in the coffee - six tablespoons of poison. He laughs, but I don't. I wouldn't laugh if I was about to die. I told him they said it would take about twenty-five minutes. I look at my watch and tell him it's been twenty-one. Now it's my turn to laugh.

He stands up and hits me to the floor. He grabs a knife off the counter, the same knife I had used to crush the taxanide. I laugh. Its fun to see someone die.

He stabs me in the stomach. The pleasure of his fury is exhilarating. Its been twenty-seven minutes. He falls to the floor and doesn't get back up. He moans for a few minutes, but I don't count. I stare at him smiling. The noise stops. I look down and see my blood streaming onto the kitchen tile. I hope it doesn't stain - the tile was hand-made in Mexico. I get up to call 911, but can only see black by the time I reach the phone. I feel weak.

"911" the operator says. I just laugh.

-Halle Hayes (12)

Eternal black night
Pinpoints of light map the sky
Time can stand and pass.

-Kate Terry (12)

Waves beat, palms whisper
Life murmurs in the darkness
The earth's hum is heard.

-Kate Terry (12)

Instead of a Ring

He gave her two keys instead of a ring. One opened the front door; the other opened the back. This was how he told her she was welcome. This was how he said, "I love you." She was so happy when she opened the box - a black imitation velvet jewelry box. She had promptly dragged him to the fabric store next door to buy a small strand of gold yarn. She would wear them around her neck.

They split the cost of the yarn, and she leaned over to kiss him. When they were done he whispered in her ear that even though she had a key, could she keep knocking, just in case?

"Of course," she said as her body collapsed just a little bit. They headed to McDonalds. A Big Mac, a Quarter Pounder, two large fries, one Dr. Pepper, and one Sprite. They sat at a table for four across from each other and she gazed into his eyes even as he stuffed a handful of french fries in his mouth. They split a hot fudge sundae for dessert and then headed back to his apartment. He forgot to let her use the new key, and she didn't get the chance to complain about it. The minute they were in the door he had his lips on hers. And as he unbuttoned her shirt, he untied the yarn around her neck. She was so happy to be in his arms again. She loved it when he held her all night long, and she pretended not to mind that he was always gone in the mornings when she woke up. The next morning was no different, and so she dressed herself. She stuffed her key in her pocket as she headed home.

-Amy Knowles (12)

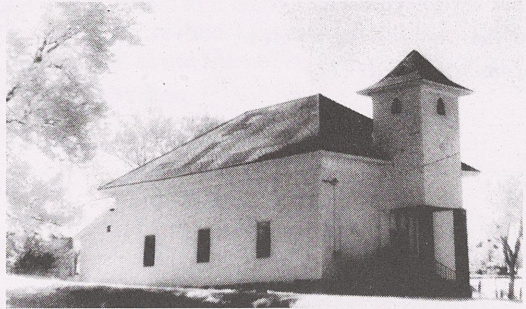


Photo by: Katie Moran (12)

THE GREEN

Let me sit atop the hill
 where, at night, deserted, the darkness blankets me.
 The grass beneath me brushing my skin
 with bristly softness soothes my soul.
 Let my wind spew thoughts and frustrations.
 My chaos infested brain here finds tranquility.
 The full silver moon solemnly stares down on my body
 that sweats with the tears of confusion.
 Continual pressure pushing me all ways but the right way
 loses itself in the harshly gentle winds.
 The dew from the green grass soaks my skin
 till a chill climbs over my body.
 My hair is weighted down with
 the almost holy dew, no longer free to follow the wind.
 My eyelids seem fixed shut
 like the hand of death had helped them rest.
 And I see myself lying on the green
 with glistening lips and an empty heart.

-Anjali Shenai (11)

HALLMARKS

Sun Bridge

I caught a ray of sun today,
walking past the window;
it made me think of you for a moment.

The warmth I felt from it was the same
loving warmth
that I missed feeling from you.

One moment in my day and it made me
smile,
hoping you caught that ray too.

Distance should not matter
as long as through the clouds breaks
a ray that shines on me and you.

If the sun fears to shine,
don't let go of the ray you have caught
because it will last an eternity.
For that ray is my love
that warms your face
as you stand in the window.

-Lindsey Orcutt (12)

Cracked

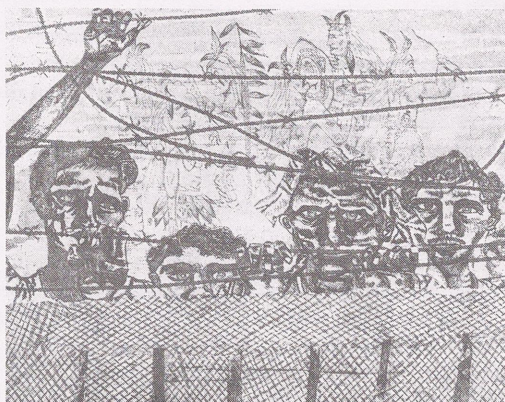
What if I
cracked
like an old glass
shards of myself
lying helplessly
on the floor
needing to be swept up
unable to be mended
finally brushed into a pan
and thrown away
small sharp slivers of me
still pressed into the floorboards
sticking in your bare feet
if you weren't careful
and couldn't be plucked out
even with tweezers
only driven deeper in your skin
with each step
pricking you
taunting you
so cleverly invisible
despite your frantic efforts
to remove me
and eventually
you, too,
cracked.

-Catherine Blackburn (11)

When the Light Went Out

The darkness cradles my body
as a blanket
covering my fears
Numbness comforts my touch
as the silence
fills my ears
For a break in the sound of nothing
or a caress of the cold night air
will annihilate my innocence
and cut my stone-cold stare
I crawl into a womb
surrounded by my fears
Images fill my mind
as my eyes scream out their tears
My fingers digging in my palms
clutching wanted pain
as a child does in innocence
or a false one does in shame
My sanctum is being trespassed
as anger fills my eyes
My mind abducts my body
as my soul begins to die
Protected in these chains
from this blackish demon thief
Drowning in my terror
desperation caught relief
As this black night illumines
and my soul is set free
Forever, I shall be haunted
in this lost eternity.

-Carrie LaBrec (12)



Artist: Vadie Turner (12)

She was a dreamer. She may have walked on human feet but in her mind she soared on wings like eagles. Her world was different, unseen by those who cease to pray. To hope. To dream. Forgotten by a world of material possessions, she rocked back and forth hugging her knees. In that back yard, the one Mama used to garden, she would sit and wait - wait for a chance to be somebody.

Mama used to call her the "dreamer". Somehow, Mama always understood her when no one else did or could. Mama knew how it felt to have dreams and no hope for them to become reality. Mama knew.

The day after Mama died, I walked out back to sit, maybe just think a while, I don't know. There she was just sittin' in Mama's old rocker. Back and forth. Back and forth. I asked her what she was thinkin' about. I won't forget the last word I ever heard her speak as she looked up with teary eyes. "Heaven," she whispered. She held her knees close to her as if she were frightened. Her dress was worn and faded, her hands raw from work. I loved my baby sister then I love her now but I could never understand her. Never like Mama could.

The first year was hard. We all suffered I think maybe she suffered the most though. She knew her Mama wasn't coming home. But she dreamed. Sometimes I think she wished she could leave us and be with Mama.

Sorrow for her tore at my heart. There was nothing I could do. She did her share of the work but it was as if she was only partly there. When she finished she would sit in Mama's chair and sometimes I believed she wasn't even there. She was off in another where dreams come true and mamas never say goodbye.

Now I have a beautiful family of my own: my husband and our son. Yesterday, I sat down in Mama's old rocker to sit or maybe just think a while. I turned around to find my son standing there gazing at me. "What cha thinkin' about Mama?"

"Heaven," I wanted to say, but the words wouldn't come.

-Meghan Tally (9)

The light flicks out.

The teddy bears are hugged
one by one

And the blinds run swiftly upward
with a smoothly grating sound for the
little girl's goodnight kiss to the world.

An asphalt river runs by — dark, cool, and calm,
and the last few summer crickets sing their lullaby
on this indigo blue, Indian summer night.

The trees bravely hold their leaves and stubbornly
their color to protect, overhang, and
surround in graceful arches.

A big star and a nursery rhyme — "Star light,
star bright . . ."

A little star hovers on the edge of her consciousness,
dancing on the line between sight and imagination,

As the bells from a distant church sing
between hearing and invention.

The bells chime out a resonant twelve,
and the blinds zip down,

For little girls should be now in bed.

But the picture waltzes on the edge of her memory,
glowing dimly.

-Sarah Chisolm (10)



Photo by: Katie Moran (12)

It was darkness. Black surrounded her and engulfed her body. He was there beside her, standing over, hovering like a vulture. She squinted and waited for her eyes to adjust. The smell of mildew and old things nauseated her. She hated him with passion. She heard his footsteps grow faint. He was gone. She wondered where he went. Her body fell limp and gave in to fatigue. She closed her eyes to the second darkness she knew. Her mind raced with thoughts. She made herself sleep. When she awoke she was unaware of his presence. She had been laying on the cement floor and as a result her back thrived with pain and agony. She moved her hand and she felt something stiff and like leather. What was it? She screamed inside herself. The object moved to crush her hand and all her bones. She had nothing left to scream or cry for, all her energy was lost. It was him. It was his foot. She clutched the ground

and began sliding backward, away from him. He was a madman. He followed. Her foot was caught on something unknown. Carefully, so she wouldn't hear, she felt her way down to her foot. Her shoelace was snagged on a long metal object. She groped in the darkness and inside she rejoiced. She knew exactly what she would do. She untangled her lace from the pipe. Finally when she had enough energy, she grasped the pipe. He was still there, but he was not aware of her scheme. With everything she had, she swung the pipe around and struck him in his stomach. He fell to the slimy floor clutching his belly, writhing in pain. It was his turn to scream, to scream in horror. She rose to her feet and began to run, but before she got away, she felt his bony hand grab her calf and she was down again. "We're just beginning." he snickered.
-Anna Erikson (9)

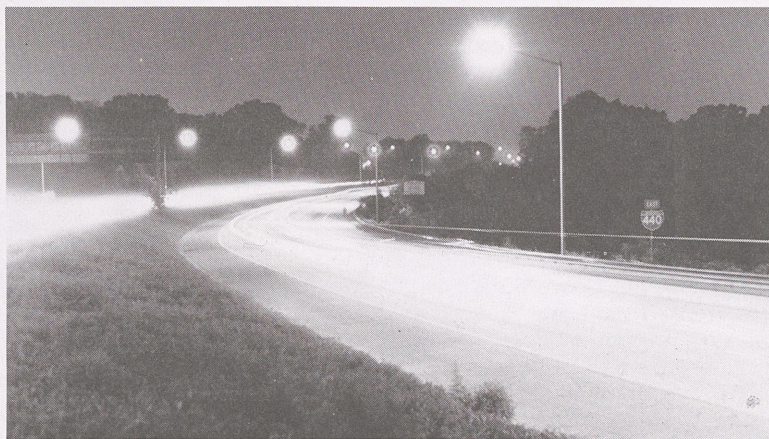


Photo by: Katie Moran (12)

The Ultimate Expression

It escapes from its captor
and slowly begins to make its descent.
The saltiness can only be sensed
at very close range.
Today, a soundless expression
of her sole pain.
Tomorrow, a vibrant testament
of her overwhelming joy.
It softly begins to curve,
Forming intricate patterns
across the lines of her face.
This silent being
speaks volumes.
Whether alone on this vast plane
or joined by thousands of others,
The emotions it conveys
remain as distinct.
The excitement of freedom,
the burden of maturity.
The thrill of first love,
the pain of lost loves.
The birth of a child,
the extermination of a people.
All are conveyed by one small being,
which takes on a life of its own
As it traces its path
down the self of its creator.
-Beth Davis (12)

Apollo's Heir

Ignorant of ignorance,
Plunging headlong into dreams that
are shadows of deathwishes,
He races his chariot across the sky.
The sun his destination,
The earth his fall;
He unknowingly strives to be the heir
of Apollo's son.
The classic tragedy;
A small-town soul wishes to unleash
his horizon of dreams upon the world.
Unruly hair,
Unruly heart,
A mask of self-assurance shrouds
the fallen hero.
Commands the elders,
Despair for true lovers;
This heir of Apollo's son,
is deaf to proverbs from everyone.
Tied and weighted down by gravity,
His soul can vision the sky;
But Heaven is a dare away,
To be pursued in any way.
-Lacey Galbraith (11)

The Night Sky

Relaxed in my stone window frame
I sit between walls and a dream.
While gazing into the sea of grey,
nothing moves in the stagnant night air;
I am surrounded by a silence that will stay.
The void of the night sky is a continual beginning;
It cloaks all physical forms in monotone.
There are no stars at the start to keep the sky shimmering.
Only perpetual grey suppressing all moving life;
Its unclear power holds me through the darkness.
I can not cut the beginning of another with my knife of concrete creation.
-Katie Sloan (11)

Forever

She hated the dirt, particles that reminded her she would never soar to the heights of her dreams. The forever that owned the horizon, and beyond, was now reduced to the stone fence surrounding the field and house. The forever that would never look back and always rise above the rest was now promised to another and to cleaning the dirt out of the cracks in the floor. She dreamed of that forever which filled her nights and afternoons of loneliness.

He was always covered with dirt. He would never enter his home tracking in the earth he worked and cherished but which she loathed and resented. His hands, black with life, would run up her tan arms and leave its remains behind. His clothes would stain hers, which were washed every day and with every washing would take away a little more of her color and strength.

She supposed she loved him. She knew she liked him better than most, so that was her definition of love. His presence would lift the monotony of the day, but added stability to her position, the position which she dreamed of breaking. Every morning, in the darkness, she would begin to erase every trace of dirt that had entered her place. By night, she had finished the last bit in front of the threshold, her back aching and neck beginning to stiffen with pain. Then as always he would return, and his presence would dishearten her, for she knew she must stay until tomorrow to clean the dirt away. Longing just one night he would work straight through so she might vanish to follow her forever. But he always returned, and she was too proud to leave things undone for others to smirk at. She would stay until everything was done. She hated the dirt.

-Jennifer Crants (11)

Space

Bent over in my small space
I long for the luscious land
of childhood's leisurely life.

Wandering over knotted and rolling knolls
I saw sights that created me.
My mind forged a union from calamity.

Confidence and endless room sparked
my mind to a fountain of thought.
No leaf fell the same as another;
Ideas flowed freely in my head,
My head was a cornucopia of ideas,
that overflowed with a fruitful bounty.

The world became a bleak, black blunder
in which my soul sleeps forever;
the fountain has dried up.
My life is a sealed square box.
The green land is but a sweet song;
life's harmonies now are gone.

-Katie Sloan (11)

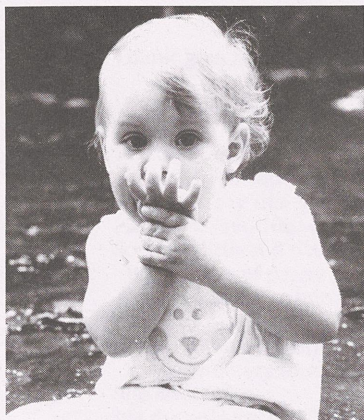


Photo by: Katie Moran (12)

Family Portrait

A quiet boy
celebrates nothing -
his past is something he wants to forget

A lonesome girl
watches the reflections
of her memories shatter into tiny pieces

A tired man
frowns incessantly
at what he has become

A crying woman
wonders desperately
what is the meaning of her life

-Halle Hayes (12)

The Lineman's Laugh

Laughing instinctively just as the hyena does,
He read her poem.
Choosing the second verse,
His defensive-lineman's hands with their wrinkles of black soil
Jerked the paper that was written
With the ink of her existence.
She accepted his reaction
Just as the unkind joke unknowingly told in the presence of the victim.

Isolated from human compassion in that moment,
She envisions the circle of souls,
Those who can not perceive the desires of her other-worldly heart,
Joined in hand, dancing around her to tear her down
From her pedestal of dreams.

No longer can she endure the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde life
Of complacent outward smiles forming words that speak "Its nothing"
But have inward meanings of "Will you ever understand?"
She is as the erotic dancer who reads Shakespeare,
Caught between the vile and the exhilarating.

She must not retreat as the preyed rabbit would
When indignation whispers.
No!

It can't happen again.
Goliath's eyes must be made to stare into David's.
His mouth with its yellowed teeth and looming tongue
Must be gagged from laughter
The words "I admire" must be uttered.
She,
Whose voice carries like that of mice's footsteps,
Must be made to roar as the elephants.

And when her soul is restored and her treasure recovered,
She will defy these minds with limited perspective.
She has been given the courage Jonah wished for in the beginning,
And the strength to laugh amidst a funeral.
-Lacey Galbraith (11)

JESSIE

Her youthful innocence and beauty
swallowed my heart at first glance.
Those eyes like the cloudless sky in summer
and her hair like the white sunshine in winter.
Her childish voice with its carefree tone
reminds me of the purity of childhood.
Her freedom to roam with her friends
and not worry of the failures of this world.
Her liberty to consider only her own happiness
and not concern herself with the corruptions of mankind.
How my jealousy of her life rages
within my already battered body.
This body that has seen too many sins
and wishes to become blind to the lies and deceit.
Her tiny features how they have yet to flourish.
Her six years of experience in life have taught her little.
How I wish she would obtain no knowledge,
for her innocent eyes mean too much to me.
-Anjali Shenai (11)



Artist: Aimée LeBlanc (12)

Standing in the pouring rain
I hold my hands up high
I pray the sky to rain on me
the tears from Heaven's cry

I lift my head, I close my eyes
My knees fold to the ground
Empty voices, fading laughter
echoes all around

City lights and sacred rites
and prophets in my dreams
Unknown whispers in the dark
ripping mended seams

Blood and sweat, and tears and rain
bathe my thinning skin
Cleanse my soul and make me whole
release me from my sin

Brilliant, cold as the moon
bleeding its light on the earth
Standing tall and feeling proud
From fire, a Phoenix's rebirth

I paid my dues in desperation
The unknown is uncovered to see
I shout to the skies as the rain fills my eyes
and, at last, it sets me free.

-Carrie LaBrec (12)

Thank You, Santa

January 3, 1992

Ten days ago,

Santa Claus slid down our family chimney
And gave my five-year-old a wonderful new present.

Her most favoritest present of all.

Sort of a little red drum, actually,

With a pair of pretty gold cymbals attached to the side of it,
And a lovely blue horn on a stick, glued to the drum at just the right
height

To be blown into.

It makes a very loud, wonderful noise.

She adores it.

It's the *only* toy she'll play with any more;

She say she's going to be a tuba player when she grows up.

My daughter also says that it would be a good idea

To thank Santa very nicely for this wonderful gift,

So that maybe he will give her the piano she wants from him next
year.

I, too, think that a thank-you present would be appropriate.

So I am baking a cake, a wonderful two-layer white cake with
chocolate icing,

All for the Jolly Old Elf, Himself.

It's from an original recipe. I just made it up yesterday.

I've made a cake, a plain two-layer white cake.

With just a couple of minor substitutions.

I somehow spilled every drop of vanilla in the house, so

I had to use syrup of ipecac instead; it should do just fine.

Then we ran out of baking powder at the last minute,

So I used rat poison instead. It looks just the same; he'll never notice.

I stirred up the cake with my best wooden spoon in my best copper bowl,
And greased two cake pans.

I'd used almost all the butter to make the cake, so I used equal portions
Of melted butter and antifreeze to grease the pans. Seemed to work
just beautifully.

While the cake was in the oven, I mixed up the icing,

Lovely, thick, rich, chocolate icing,

With plenty of finely ground glass

To make it just the tiniest bit *crunchy*.

Icing is better that way; I usually use sugar, but I went through the
last of it already.

Once the golden layers were cool,

I put one of them on my best crystal cake plate

And covered it in icing, then centered the second layer

And used all the rest of the icing.

I iced it quite thickly; Mr. Claus likes his sweets.

He'll love this one. It took a long time to create, but

After all, Santa deserves a heart-felt

"Thank-you" for his magnificent present to my little girl.

Thank You, Santa Claus.

From a Loving Mother.

-Mab Byrd (12)

Ceilings

I have one of those ceilings that ride at a slant, like an upside down ski slope. I remember how high up it used to seem. We'd talk about painting the highest walls and I couldn't imagine that anyone made ladders that tall. I used to dance in this room, under my cathedral ceiling, sure that the audience in the left corner would stand up and cry "bravo" and "encore" when I was done.

In my bed at night I used to make pictures out of the knots in the wood on my ceiling, like most kids do with clouds. There was a flower, a perfect circle and a little girl on a bicycle. They were my constellations, the bicycle my north star.

It's strange how we never did paint the walls nearest the top of my ceiling. Instead my grandfather built a border around the wall so we'd know where to stop painting. I colored the low walls four different colors - one pink, one blue, one yellow and one green. The high parts stayed white and gathered cobwebs. I stopped dancing in my room. I had, by that point, broken an old lamp and a Beatrix Potter figurine with my batmas. And anyway, no one had really ever asked for an encore. No one had ever cried bravo. The cobwebs are still growing still. The thought of the spider that lives all the way up there scares the hell out of me, although now when I look up it really isn't that high. I could clear those out easy. All I need is tip toes and a step ladder. I could even paint those high walls.

-Amy Knowles (12)

Tarzan's Twelfth Year

The collar is stretched, an obvious sign of a shirt worn for play. His hands are tangled together, a nervous habit he picked up from his aunt. A slight smile, similar to a stranger's when returning thanks, and lowered eyes with arched eyebrows reveal a boy not quite at home with his company.

Uniformed in dress code and all twelve in age, this group of boys have skin like rich soil and voices that still scream with youthful hope in one's memory. Their faces are the fingerprints of God, each one a miracle of creation's fancy. Tarzans of the urban jungle, these boys have escaped to the city zoo in care of the camp that mothers them throughout the summer.

The boy on the right draws the attention of only the observant. His stance is not that of the preaching politician ready to speak his mind, nor is it of the stomach-aching shyness of the new boy on the team. This boy on the right is at awkward ease, forever standing separated with his thoughts yet always within the circle of the mass.

-Lacey Galbraith (11)

The Bug Wars

Once upon a time, not so very long ago and not so very far away, either, there lived a little junebug named Jimmy.

He wasn't a very big little junebug, and he wasn't too bright, either, but he didn't need to be — after all, he wasn't a very important junebug, as those things went at the time in the junebug city called Murmillon, where only the biggest and shiniest of the junebugs (and the ones with the junebug voiceboxes) were called upon to lead the city's invincible armed forces, the Mermidons, against the vast armies of the infidel Puggnies. The junebug named Jimmy knew absolutely nothing about the art of junebug warfare.

And this is fortunate, because Jimmy has absolutely nothing to do with the story I am about to tell you.

The Murmillon junebugs, although little-known outside the junebug world, were famous among their kind for their aggressiveness, their willingness to escalate any minor conflict into a full-scale insect war — just for the hell of it. Although universally acclaimed as the leaders of their patch of the grassy universe, they were not the most popular of the junebug clusters; and they didn't make very good leaders, either. The Murmillon rulers tended to be short-lived and dictatorial; and whenever a Garkk (as they called their rulers) showed signs of living beyond the normal expectancy for a typical Garkk, the Murmillon junebugs themselves usually took it upon themselves to make sure that a new Garkk was elected forthwith, even though this usually meant getting rid of the old Garkk in the manner necessary. The Murmillons were big on change.

So, unfortunately for everyone, were another group of junebugs, a much smaller cluster in a much warmer part of the grass than that over which the Murmillons held sway. All the junebugs knew that the Puggny cluster was a little odd; all that sun did something to their junebug brains, overcooked them perhaps. In any case, the Puggny Brallenkurst (a rather smallish, unimposing junebug with very long feelers which had earned him the nickname of Confujunebug) got the idea into his head that the Murmillon cluster and its Mermidon forces had no call to pass judgement on the problems of the rest of the clusters. Whether or not the other clusters agreed with the Confujunebug is not known; but when the Mermidons heard of

the Brallenkurst's heresy and massed for war, the rest of the clusters dutifully sent their regiments to help.

Through some deviousness, the Puggnies got hold of a weapon which had formerly been the exclusive possession of the Mermidons: a bit of a clear, hard stuff, very smooth like the folded wings of a junebug on two sides, and jagged all the way round the outside. The Puggnies discovered that if two flying riding-insects could go up with the bit of clear stuff held between them, then sooner or later a bright spot of sun would appear on the ground beneath them and eventually the grass where the bright spot was would start to turn brown and smell bad; since the Mermidon outposts were built of the strong grass, this was a very good thing for the Puggnies to have discovered.

The Mermidons were furious when they discovered the subterfuge enacted by the treacherous Puggnies; they massed even more junebugs, called in the debts owed them by various foreign clusters, and attacked the Puggny cluster *en masse*. The Puggnies promptly overflowed the Mermidon headquarters and fried the homes of several top officers in the Mermidon forces. The Mermidons slaughtered thousands of innocent Puggny junebugs in retaliation. The Puggnies captured several Mermidon riders of flying insects and tortured them publicly, threatening to use their cooking weapon against the Murmillon breeding-patches unless the Mermidons pulled out of the Puggny cluster's homeplot immediately. Embarrassed, the Mermidons withdrew and began negotiations for the return of the junebug POW's, a monstrous humiliation for the strongest cluster in the universe.

The Puggny cluster was ecstatic. So was the Brallenkurst, Confujunebug. So was Jimmy the Murmillon junebug (I lied about Jimmy — he may not have been a very bright little junebug, but he was very intelligent, a weapons technician for the Mermidon forces, and he made a great deal of junebug-sized profit from the sale of the top-secret bit of magnifying glass to the Puggnies). The Murmillons themselves, especially the Mermidons, were not happy at all — but in the life of a junebug universe there are no real happy endings. Everybody knows that.

Especially the junebug POW's.
-Mab Byrd (12)



Plant Lady

Anna Ruth Brown (12)

A Goodbye Kiss

Honk, Honk! The hookup horn would blare into my house each morning, jolting me into the realization that I needed to hurry up. I would quickly gulp down my last sip of the orange juice my mom had poured me, throw the cup into the sink, grab my bookbag and race frantically towards the door. I'd turn the handle, and almost be outside when my mother would inevitably call me back in: "Beth, how can you leave without kissing me goodbye?" with the full conviction that a goodbye kiss to a mother before school always comes before a hookup.

I drive myself to school now. I rarely see my mother in the morning. I wake myself up, make my own lunch, and eat breakfast alone. My mother no longer calls me back into the house for a goodbye kiss. Seeing that I complained about her holding me up for years, she probably thinks I would see the request as childish. Wouldn't she be surprised to know how much I would love to run out the door one morning and hear her call me back? I want to feel as if my mother is once again taking complete care of me, as only a mother can. But you grow up and take care of yourself or you don't. It appears the decision has already been made for me. Yet I will still begin each day with the hope in the back of my mind that as I run out the door I will hear her call to me, "Beth, how can you leave without kissing me goodbye?"

-Beth Davis (12)

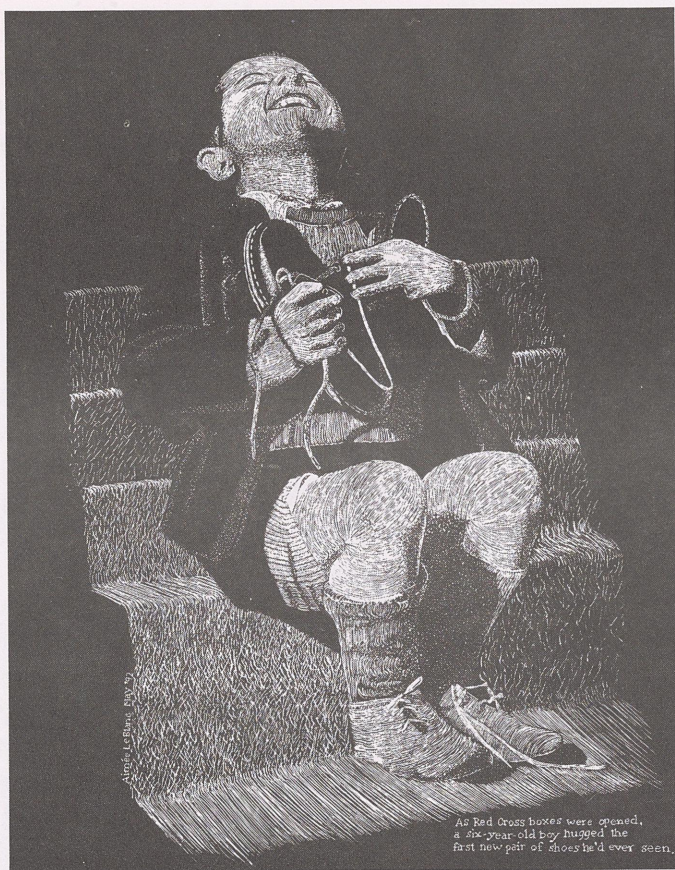
Lonely Path

I have no one to sing to about the blue sky and green earth. I have no one. Sitting alone in a black hole, these voices fly in endless circles, expressing the pain, the desire, the love, the hate, the confusion, the loneliness, the emotion. We sit in different worlds now, and the path we once shared has now become rugged and trying. With no map to guide us, we stared from one another and the vast emptiness of the valley below and the mountain above echoed back mocking voices at us. Will we find each other again? We must, for at the top of the hill, there is nothing to stand between us. But having parted, will no one of us fall? No one will catch us if we do. It becomes a bloody battle for survival where relying on yourself gets you everywhere. But as my pained hands grabs pointed rocks and my scratched face feels stinging tears and my eyes burn with dripping sweat, my mind slips into a aetheist chaotic state where God doesn't hold me up from underneath. My muscles have strained too long, and as they begin to loosen their grip and my body falls slowly away from the surface of the mountain, she grabs hold of my blood-bathed arm and drags my torn shell up until I am kneeling breathlessly at her feet in their nakedness. When I look up with my chest heaving, I no longer see rocks, I see an orange sky lit with the falling fireball that retreats to its resting place, and there I rest my head and eyes never to awaken again.

-Anjali Shenai (11)



Artist: Josephine Procter (12)



As Red Cross boxes were opened,
a six-year-old boy hugged the
first new pair of shoes he'd ever seen.

Artist: Aimee LeBlanc (12)

Editors:

Halle Hayes
Carrie LaBrec
Robinette Weiss

Staff:

Sarah Chisolm
Jennifer Crants
Sarah Costonis
Sallie McMurray
Anjali Shenai
Sarah Taber
Jamie Taylor
Marjorie Wine

Sponsor:

Karen Roark



